

HOPALONG CASSIDY

DECEMBER

10¢

NO. 38

Starring
WILLIAM BOYD

BIG 52 PAGES



**IN THIS ISSUE: THE MYSTERIOUS EXPLOSIONS!
PLUS THREE OTHER WESTERN THRILLERS!**

Brings the sun indoors for Swell Snaps at night!



Slip on a Flashholder, pop in a bulb—you're all set to make big, clear, exciting flash shots—indoors at night. Shoot with Kodak Verichrome Film and you'll get beauties. You'll use this round-the-clock camera for all sorts of nighttime occasions. Everyone will want to be in the pictures you make! Everyone will be asking "How did you get 'em?"



IT'S A DANDY OUTDOOR CAMERA, TOO!
Unscrew two screws—slip off the Flashholder and presto—it's a daytime camera! You can take it anywhere with you—and it's so easy to use! You just focus, aim, and press the button. And when you see what big, sharp album-size pictures you get, you'll never want to be without it!



YES, IT EVEN MAKES COLOR SHOTS!
Use Kodacolor Film—outdoors in bright sun or indoors with blue film bulbs—and you get wonderful big pictures that sizzle with color! They're perfect for all the extra-special occasions that call for extra special pictures!

BROWNIE FLASH SIX-20 CAMERA

Has two-position focusing, adjustable shutter that's fixed for flash, plunger-type shutter trigger. And it's only \$13.13. Flashholder \$2.98. At your Kodak dealer's...

FREE NEW BOOK

Written just for you! "It's a SNAP" tells how to make swell pix, day, night, indoors or out. Write John Van Guilder, Room 801, Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester 4, N. Y.

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Kodak



HOPALONG CASSIDY •

Executive Editor
WILL LIEBERSON

Editor
V. A. PROVVISIERO

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LARUE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS
WHIZ COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GABBY HAYES WESTERN
CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE HALE WESTERN • HOPALONG CASSIDY

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. A. Fawcett, Jr., President

HOPALONG CASSIDY

and the
**MYSTERIOUS
EXPLOSIONS !!**

STARRING WILLIAM BOYD

WHOA, TOPPER! WE'LL
HAVE TO POSTPONE GOING BACK
TO TWIN RIVER RIGHT NOW! THAT'S
A LUMBER TRAIN THAT JUST
EXPLODED!

MAYBE WE CAN BE OF
SOME HELP!

I DON'T SEE THE ENGINEER OR THE
FIREMAN; IF THEY'VE BEEN HURT, THEY
DON'T STAND A CHANCE OF GETTING
OUT OF THE BURNING CAB!

ALWAYS PUTTING EVERYONE'S SAFETY ABOVE HIS OWN, THE COURAGEOUS SHERIFF OF TWIN RIVER, HOPALONG CASSIDY, LEAPS INTO THE BURNING ENGINE CAR!



THEY'VE BOTH BEEN KNOCKED OUT BY THE EXPLOSION, BUT LUCKY FOR THEM, THE FLAMES HAVEN'T REACHED THEM YET! NOW I'VE GOT TO GET THEM OUT OF HERE BEFORE THEY GET BURNED!



MADE IT! I'LL BRING THEM TO AND FIND OUT WHAT CAUSED THE EXPLOSION!



SHORTLY AFTER...

I'M AFRAID WE CAN'T TELL YUH WHAT CAUSED THE ACCIDENT! EVERYTHING WAS GOING ALONG FINE WHEN SUDDENLY THE WHOLE FREIGHT TRAIN SEEMED TO BE BLOWN RIGHT OFF THE TRACKS!



IT SHORE WUZ LUCKY FER US YUH WERE AROUND OR WE WOULDAVE BURNED LIKE THE LUMBER WE WERE CARRYING!

WHOSE LUMBER WERE YOU CARRYING?

MORT BOOKER'S! HE'S THE YOUNG FELLOW WHO OPENED UP THE NEW LUMBER CAMP JUST OUTSIDE TWIN RIVER!



WE'D SURE APPRECIATE IT IF YUH LET HIM KNOW WHAT HAPPENED. HOPALONG, WE'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH THE RAILROAD SOB THEY CAN FIX THE TRACKS PRONTO!

MEANWHILE, AT BOOKER'S LUMBER CAMP...

WE'RE ASKING YUH FER THE LAST TIME, BOOKER, WIL YUH TAKE BARROWS AND ME IN AS PARTNERS IN YORE LUMBER CAMP?

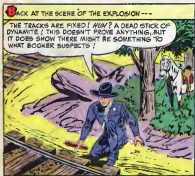
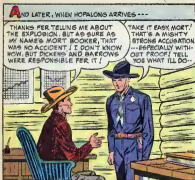
AND FOR THE LAST TIME I'M TELLING YUH NO! WHEN I NEEDED MONEY TO START, I ASKED THE TWO OF YOU TO JOIN UP WITH ME BUT YOU REFUSED! NOW, SINCE---

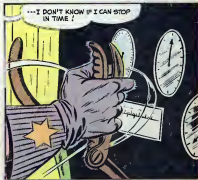
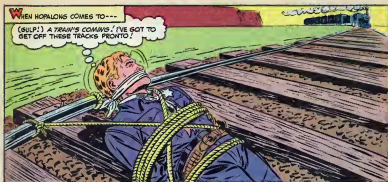


---THINGS ARE GOING ALONG SMOOTHLY, I DON'T INTEND TO TAKE IN ANY PARTNERS, DICKENS!

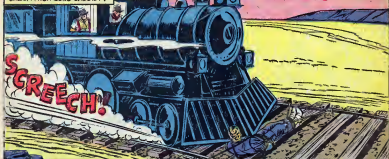
YOU'LL BE SORRY! AND DON'T SAY WE DIDN'T WARN YUH!







AND, AMAZINGLY, WITH NO MORE THAN A HAIR'S BREADTH TO SPARE, THE TRAIN STOPS SHORT OF THE FAMOUS SHERIFF, HOPALONG CASSIDY!



ALL I CAN SAY IS THANKS A MILLION TIMES! YOUR ALERTNESS SAVED MY LIFE!

LOOK WHO IT IS---
HOPALONG CASSIDY!
LUCKY THING YUH SHOUTED WHEN YUH DID! ANOTHER SECOND AND IT WOULD'VE BEEN TOO LATE!



HOW'D YUH GET IN SUCH A POSITION, HOPALONG?

A COUPLE OF WARMINTS BUSHWACKED ME! BUT AS SOON AS YOS FELLOWS GET THROUGH UNTYING ME, I'M GOING TO LOOK THEM UP!



NOW I'M POSITIVE BOOKER'S ACCUSATION WAS SOUND! HE SHOULD BE ABLE TO TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND DICKENS AND BARROWS!



MEANWHILE, AT BOOKER'S LUMBER CAMP---

DICKENS! BARROWS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THOSE GUNS?

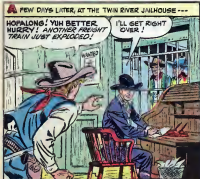
WHAT DO YUH THINK? I WARNED YUH ABOUT NOT MAKING US PARTNERS!

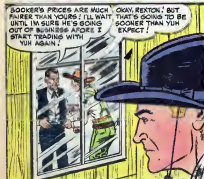
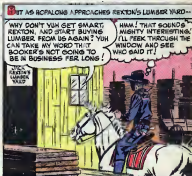
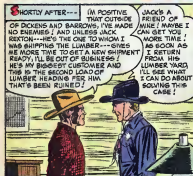


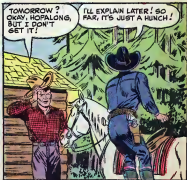
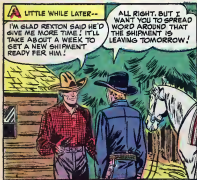
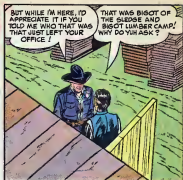
IF WE CAN'T HAVE PART OF THIS LUMBER CAMP, THEN YUH WON'T HAVE ANY EITHER!

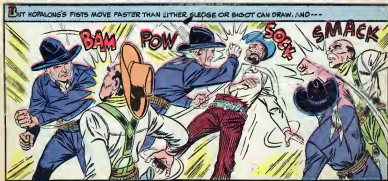
WE CAME IN THE BACK WAY SO NO ONE WOULD SEE US! GO AHEAD AND SHOOT HIM, DICKENS!

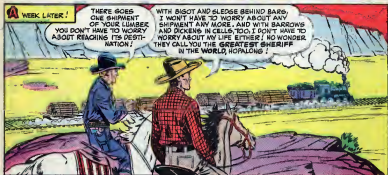












COMIX CARDS
appear every
month in
HOPALONG CASSIDY
FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF
GABBY HAYES
in
WESTERN HERO
EVERY MONTH!
and
IN HIS OWN MAGAZINE
GABBY HAYES
WESTERN
ONLY 30¢ AT YOUR LOCAL
NEWSSTAND!

Get an extra line and paste on cardboard





Cowboys! Cowgirls! Get this “ROCKY” LANE BANDANA

only **25¢**
and 1
Carnation
Malted Milk
label!

**2 FEET
SQUARE**

Folds into
35x24x24 triangle!



**JUST LIKE “ROCKY” LANE
WEARS!... MAN-SIZE!**

Design shows cowboys
in corral-riding, roping,
branding! Fast color, so
it won't fade!

Special offer! Only
25c and one label from
“Rocky” Lane's favorite,
Carnation Malted Milk. It's easy to
make delicious, nourishing
Carnation Malted Milk
at home... So hurry!
Get a jar of Carnation
Malted Milk and send
for your “Rocky” Lane
Bandana today!



**TWO FLAVORS—
Chocolate & Natural
in thrifty 1-lb. jars**

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

“ROCKY” LANE, c/o Carnation Malted Milk
Box 2652, Hollywood 28, California

Please send me _____ “Rocky” Lane Bandanas.
I enclose 25c and 1 label from Carnation Malted Milk
for each bandana ordered.

NAME _____

(Please Print)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

Offer good only while supply lasts.



Ha-Ha-Ha-Halloween Party, Kids!

"CUT OUT NEW FUNNY FACE"

DISGUISE MASKS
FROM PACKAGE BACKS OF
Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

- No money to send in.
- No waiting.
- You GET your disguise mask when Mom buys Kellogg's Corn Flakes.
- Save—collect—trade—all 6 BRAND-NEW MASKS!

OH, BOY... FUN FOR HALLOWEEN OR ANY-TIME! MYSTERY! EXCITEMENT! Dress up in disguise—fool your friends. Give a costume party, everybody wearing a different "FUNNY FACE" DISGUISE MASK from the package backs of Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Be first in your neighborhood to catch on to this newest fad. No money to pay or send; no waiting. Ask your Mom for Kellogg's Corn Flakes now. Your "FUNNY FACE" DISGUISE MASK is on the package!



Kellogg's
**CORN
FLAKES**

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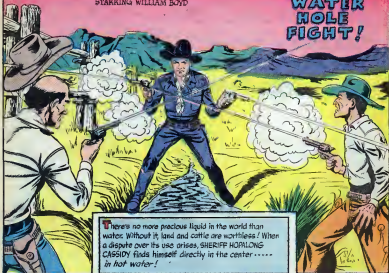
**BUT THEY CAN'T FOOL ANYBODY ABOUT THESE
FRESH KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES... KNOW WHY?**
Because only America's favorite golden-toasted flakes of corn can be KELLOGG-FRESH and KELLOGG-GOOD. Just taste 'em! Dip into a bowlful with milk and sugar and fruit. Mmmm! Crispy sweet and ready-to-eat! Nourishing, too! You bet! Get the original and genuine brand—Kellogg's! WORLD CHAMPION FAVORITE No. 1 READY-TO-EAT CEREAL. You'll be glad you did.



HOPALONG CASSIDY

STARRING WILLIAM BOYD

in The
**WATER
HOLE
FIGHT!**



There's no more precious liquid in the world than water. Without it, land and cattle are worthless! When a dispute over its use arises, SHERIFF HOPALONG CASSIDY finds himself directly in the center..... in hot water!



ONE DAY, IN SHERIFF HOPALONG CASSIDY'S OFFICE...

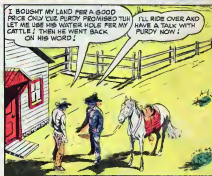
BILL PURDY! WHAT IN TARNATION HAPPENED TO YOU? YOU LOOK AS IF YOU JUST CAME FROM A FIGHT!

YEH AIN'T SO WRONG AT THAT, SHERIFF! IT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT!

I WAS ASLEEPIN' IN MUD EANCH WHEN SOME CRITTER SNEAKED IN AND WHALED THE DAYLIGHTS OUTTA ME---AND I GOT A GOOD IDEA WHO IT WAS!

WHOM DO YOU SUSPECT?

THAT NO-GOOD CONYOTE NEIGHBOR OF MINE, REK LINK! HE'S BIN GORE AT ME EVER SINCE HE BOUGHT THE LAND NEXT TUH MINE AND I REFUSED TUH LET HIM USE MY WATER HOLE!





HOPALONG CASSIDY



SHORTLY AFTER---

I LOCKED REX LINK UP,
BUT MY JOB ISN'T THROUGH
BY A LONG SHOT! IN FACT
IT'S ONLY BEGUN!



IN A FEW MINUTES---

I WANT TO PLAY A HUNCH
---AND TAKE A LOOK AT
PURDY'S BARN!



THERE'S NOTHING HERE BUT
HAY---GUESS I WAS WRONG
IN MY SUSPICIONS, TOPPER!



EASY ON THE APPETITE, BOY!
THAT HAY DOESN'T BELONG
TO US!



NOW LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE,
TOPPER! THE HAY IS TOPPLING
OVER!



WHY, THIS IS THE FURNITURE THAT PURDY HAD IN
HIS HOUSE! THIS PROVES THE FIRE WASN'T
ACCIDENTAL OR EVEN UNEXPECTED BY PURDY!
UNLESS HE ANTICIPATED IT, HE NEVER WOULD'VE
REMOVED HIS FURNITURE THE NIGHT BEFORE
---AND HIDDEN IT HERE!



I BECAME SUSPICIOUS OF HIM WHEN HE LED ME RIGHT TO
THE KEROSENE CAN! HE WAS A LITTLE TOO FAST IN FINDING
IT TO CONVINCE ME THAT HE DIDN'T HAVE SOMETHING TO
DO WITH PUTTING IT THERE!







GET YOUR AUTHENTIC "SECRET AGENT" MYCRO-SPY WRIST CAMERA!



TAKES 14 PICTURES

THIS TINY 2-INCH CAMERA
MAKES **BIG** PICTURES IN **COLOR**
OR **BLACK & WHITE!**

IT'S EASY TO
SNAP SECRET
SHOTS OF FRIENDS
AND
RELATIVES

**GUARANTEED
\$6.00 VALUE!**

MAGAZINE OF DUPONT
BLACK & WHITE
FILM
14 EXPOSURES

**GENUINE
LEATHER
WRIST BAND**

INCLUDED AT NO EXTRA COST!

5 OUTSTANDING FEATURES!

- America's **SMALLEST** Precision Camera!
- The **ONLY** Camera that takes **COLOR** at 2 1/2 "x 3 1/2"
- The **ONLY** still Camera with **MAGAZINE** LOAD!
- 3 Sizes: "Color" (16-2), "B&W" (16-2), "Bright" (11-1)
- The **IDEAL** GIFT for Christmas, Birthday, or any time!

MYCRO-SPY
plus
FILM and
WRIST BAND

\$4.95
incl. per box

SENSATIONAL OFFER!

Here's your **BIG** chance to get the one-and-only MYCRO-SPY Camera, just like that used by real Secret Agents! Mail Coupon NOW, and we'll send you this amazing spy camera, plus a 14-exposure Black & White Film, and a genuine leather Wrist Band - All for only \$4.95. But hurry! Supply is limited, so get your order in today! **MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE** if not delighted!

**YOU NEVER HAVE TO BUY FILM
FOR YOUR MYCRO-SPY CAMERA!**

It's Free!

Every time you send in your film to HELM-CRAFT for developing, you **AUTOMATICALLY** get another magazine of film **ABSOLUTELY FREE!**

SEND NO MONEY

Mail coupon today. When you receive your MYCRO-SPY Camera, plus FILM and WRIST BAND, pay postman only \$4.95, plus few cents postage. Or send cash with order, and we will pay postage.

**INSPECT IT
10 DAYS
FREE!**

**ACT
NOW!**

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

HELM-CRAFT, Inc. Box 1145 Hollywood 28 Calif

AVAILABLE TO PUBLIC
FOR FIRST TIME!

SEE HOW
MYCRO-SPY
FITS ON MY
WRIST!

GOLLY, YOU
CAN HIDE IT
UNDER YOUR
SLEEVE OR SLIP
IT IN YOUR
POCKET!

STOP-BOY!

BEAR HOW SILLY HELM-
CRAFT AGENT CAPTURE
ATOMIC SPY WITH AID OF
HIS MYCRO-SPY CAMERA.

TOO LATE - HE'S
GETTING AWAY!

I'LL SHOOT
HIM WITH MY
MYCRO-SPY
CAMERA!

THESE PICTURES
OF YOUR LICENSE
NUMBER COOKED
YOUR GOOSE.

WITHOUT THEM
SHOTS, I'D OF
GOTTEN AWAY!

AND HERE'S
ONE IN COLOR
SHOWING HIM
GETTING INTO
HIS CAR!

MYCRO-SPY
IS AMERICA'S
SMALLEST
PRECISION
CAMERA!

AND BEIDES
THAT, YOU
GET ALL
YOUR FILM
FREE!

WITH MYCRO-SPY
IT COSTS ONLY 7¢
TO DEVELOP A
"COLOR SHOT!"

GOLLY, IT'S
MAGAZINE
LOADED TOO
JUST LIKE
A GUN!



**THIS GENUINE MYCRO-SPY BADGE
IS YOURS ABSOLUTELY FREE!**

**MAIL
COUPON
TODAY**

HELM-CRAFT, INC. DEPT. K-129
Box No. 1145, Hollywood 28, California

Remember: Please **MAIL** my MYCRO-SPY Camera, plus FILM and WRIST BAND if you wish, and I may return camera and wrist band for full refund, and keep this wonderful Mycro-Spy badge FREE!

☐ Send C.O.D. plus postage. I will pay postman. ☐ I enclose \$4.95. Send postpaid.

NAME _____ AGE _____

STREET _____

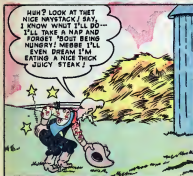
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

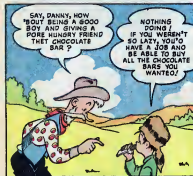
**AMAZING
PHOTO-FINCHING
GUARANTEE!**

So perfectly made is the MYCRO-SPY Camera that we give **CASH** for unreturned pictures!

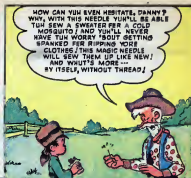
WHITEY WHISKERS

AND THE MAGIC NEEDLE









HOPALONG CASSIDY

STARRING
WILLIAM BOYD

IN "TWIN
TROUBLE"

A
MESQUITE
STORY

MESQUITE!
WHAT'S GOING ON—
---HUH? AM I
SEEING
DOUBLE?

BANG
BANG!

BANG!
BANG!



You'll be seeing double and laughing four times as hard as you follow the hilarious adventure of Mesquite in his latest escapade!

ONE AFTERNOON,
NEAR TWIN RIVER--



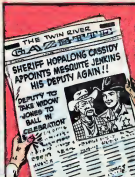
GET OFF, YUH HOBO!
IF I EVER KETCH YUH RIDING
THE RAILS AGAIN, I'LL
HAVE YUH THROWN
IN JAIL!

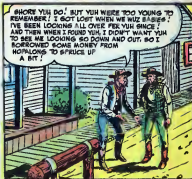
OOF!

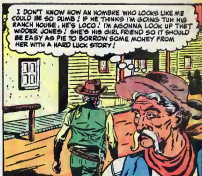
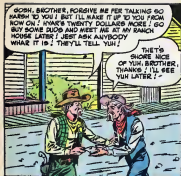
PLOP!

(GROAN) I'LL NEVER GET TUH
CALIFORNIA THIS WAY! I WONDER
WHAR I AM NOW! AH, THAR'S A
NEWSPAPER! IT'LL TELL ME WHUT
TOWN I'M IN!

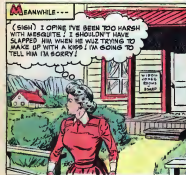
















Tasty, pure, and wholesome, too!
A big, chewy piece plus
comics, fortunes, tocs
GET SOME TODAY

1¢



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PHILADELPHIA 41, PA.

ADVERTISEMENT

MOST SENSATIONAL TOM MIX OFFER EVER!

A BEAUTIFUL WATCH FOR
BRACELET OR KEY CHAIN



A NEW KIND OF COMPASS—
ALWAYS
POINTS
NORTH



A SECRET
SIGNAL
WHISTLE—
HIDDEN IN
ARROWHEAD



A POWERFUL LITTLE MAGNET



Makes pins, paper clips jump 4 inch to air.
Holds heavy letter opener by tiny point.
AMAZING MAGNETIC POWER!

GET THIS MAGIC
MINIATURE OF
MY OWN
SIX-SHOOTER.



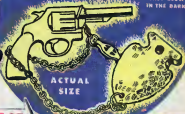
**YOURS
FOR ONLY 15¢**
AND ONE
RALSTON BOX TOP



TOM MIX SUPER-MAGNETIC Compass Gun

AND WHISTLE

THEY GLOW
IN THE DARK



ACTUAL
SIZE

DON'T DELAY—USE THIS COUPON!

TOM MIX, Box 900-A, St. Louis, Mo.

Enclosed are 15¢ cash and one Ralston box top for
Tom's Magnetic Compass-Gun and Signal Whistle.

Name _____

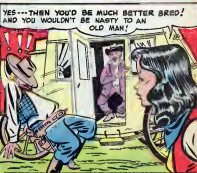
Address _____

City _____

State _____

If you don't have coupon, write name and address on Ralston
box top and mail with 15¢. Offer good only in U.S.A. and
may be withdrawn at any time.

PISTOL PACKIN PATTIE





HOPALONG CASSIDY

SLINGER SID

By R. R. Symes



SLINGER SID wasn't a snooper by nature. But as the parted leaves unfolded an interesting picture before him, he couldn't help looking.

As he rode over a rise Sid saw the roof of a lonely cabin in the distance. He had approached quietly, cautiously. Experience had taught him that, in this almost lawless frontier country, visitors were not always welcome. A man who wanted to remain healthy always took a look at his host before deciding to become a guest. But Sid was thirsty and where there was a cabin there might be a well.

His horse, Chesty (a beautiful chestnut who had derived the name from his color) had an almost uncanny ability to respond to his master's wishes and he walked softly toward the cabin. Thus it was that while still hidden from view himself, Sid was able to take in the scene in the clearing in front of the cabin. There, one man was holding another at gun point.

Sid was impulsively ready to intervene when the man with the gun turned slightly so Sid could see a flash of silver on his chest.

"A lawman?" thought Sid. "The U. S. Marshal!"

He looked at the other man. A sharp-featured, dark-skinned man, he was scowling at the lawman.

"A desperado, trailed to his hide-out," thought Sid.

Then his quick, sharp eyes detected a movement at the corner of the cabin. He saw another man, rather big, with a bristling mustache. The Marshal, with his back turned, couldn't see this third man. The fellow with the mustache drew a gun. It was leveled toward the back of the lawman.

There was a "twang" sound, a whistling sound. Mr. Mustache, crying out sharply, dropped his gun.

Surprised, but cool, the Marshal maneuvered around so that he could keep both men in front of his gun. Slinger Sid nudged Chesty and moved into the picture.

"I've been shot!" cried the man with the bristling mustache.

"Not exactly shot," responded Sid, calmly. "I

just relieved you of your gun with one of my pebbles."

"Slinger Sid," exclaimed the Marshal. "You sure show up at the blamdest times." While he talked, he was busy tying up his sharp-featured captive.

"I reckon you should be glad I did show up," responded Sid. "This sidewinder with the mustache was just fixing to put some holes in your back."

"I was not!" almost screamed the accused. "I was just getting my gun ready in case you needed any help, Marshal."

"Uh-huh," responded the Marshal.

"I demand you arrest this man for shooting a hole in my wrist!" continued the man, his mustache quivering.

"More likely you only got a stone bruise," responded the Marshal. "It's time I introduced you gents. Mr. Blackmer, this is Slinger Sid. He didn't shoot you because he doesn't carry a shooting iron."

"Didn't shoot me? But . . . !"

"I reckon he knocked your gun loose with a sling shot."

"Sling shot? But . . ."

Taking a cue from the Marshal's attitude toward Mr. Blackmer, Sid said slowly, "I reckon maybe I made a mistake. I thought you were a sidewinder, aiming to plug the Marshal, so naturally I put a pebble in your arm."

"Plug the Marshal? No such thing!" asserted Mr. Blackmer. "I was merely getting my gun ready in case the Marshal needed any assistance."

"You must admit appearances were against you," declared Sid.

"I'll admit nothing of the sort!" said Mr. Blackmer, with heat. "So you are Slinger Sid?" (He managed to sneer the name.) "So you don't carry a shooting iron? I have no doubt that we'll meet again!"

"No doubt," agreed Sid, amiably.

Mr. Blackmer picked up his Colt, walked around the side of the cabin to where his horse was stationed, and rode away.

LATER, in town, in the Marshal's office, Sid leaned back in a chair and listened.

"The fellow I caught," said the Marshal, "the hombre who is languishing in jail right now, is Snakey Peetz. He's a killer. I trailed him to the cabin and I caught him."

"I still think your fine Mr. Blackmer was about to release him over your dead body when I showed up," drawled Sid.

"Between you and me, I think the same," responded the Marshal. "But what could I prove? He didn't take a shot. He is a more or less respected citizen; at least a powerful one."

"No deadwood on him, eh?"

"Not a bit! He's too smart!"

"He bates me," said Sid, flatly. "I prevented him from killing a U. S. Marshal, namely you. Of course, that was incidental. I expect that Snakey Peetz was one of his boys. He is now put to the trouble of breaking him out of jail or breaking in a replacement. What's his dodge?"

"Mr. Blackmer owns a grain and feed store," the Marshal replied.

"Uh-huh! And the real dodge?" persisted Sid.

"It has been rumored but never proved that he's king of the cattle rustlers," answered the lawman. "Big outfit . . . move cattle . . . switch brands. But no proof, mind you."

"If you jailed Blackmer, that would be the end of it."

"Sure. But there's no deadwood on him."

"You could jail him for murder; or attempted murder."

"Yes," agreed the Marshal, "but he's too slick to do any murdering himself."

"He's awfully mad at me," said Sid. "And I'm harmless. He won't mind murdering a man who's unarmed, except with a slingshot."

The Marshal looked at Sid quizzically. "I have often wondered," he said, "why it is that in this wild territory, where a man is not fully dressed unless he has a gun, you carry only a slingshot."

"I made a promise to my mother," said Slinger Sid. "I promised her I would never carry a gun. I have kept it. I carry only my slingshot and that is the very thing that will put Mr. Blackmer behind bars!"

SID left the Marshal's office and casually mounted Chesty. He rode to the edge of town, out of town. He expected ambush, but his manner of riding was so casual one would have thought he had not a care in the world. Chesty stepped softly, his hoofs making only

the faintest thud-thud-thud on the dusty trail. This slow, quiet, seemingly careless pace was, in reality, a vital part of Sid's plan. He counted on his keen ears to detect the faintest unusual sound: a breaking twig, a sliding pebble, the click of gun or pistol being readied for a shot.

His relaxed body gave no sign of the high tension in his mind and nerves. Suddenly, an ear-splitting blast echoed from above the trail and Sid was sprawled on the ground while Chesty galloped away.

For several seconds there was no movement, no sound except the echoing hoofbeats of the fleeing horse.

Then from among the jutting rocks that flanked the trail, Mr. Blackmer appeared. He was climbing downward cautiously.

"He looks dead, sure enough," he said as he moved toward the inert form, "but I reckon I'd better put a couple more holes in him just to make certain sure."

Smoking pistol in hand, Blackmer stepped toward Sid. He aimed carefully. Suddenly the "corpse" rolled over, a forked stick in his left hand, his right releasing the sling. A pebble glanced off Blackmer's skull with just enough force to knock him cold. A moment later the Marshal galloped up, breathlessly.

"See it? See the attempted murder?" asked Sid.

"Plain as day with these glasses," panted the Marshal, pointing at the binoculars slung over his shoulder. "But you had me plumb scared. I thought he got you."

"I rolled off a split second before he shot," said Sid. "Better tie him up. He won't stay cold long."

The suggestion came too late. Blackmer had recovered. He quickly shot the pistol from the Marshal's hand, then leaped for the lawman's horse as the latter scrambled for the gun. It seemed like a clean getaway till Slinger Sid flipped another pebble. It caught the horse in the rear. The animal bucked sharply and spilled Blackmer. The Marshal pounced on the culprit and this time made plenty sure he wouldn't get away, while Sid drawled, "I didn't really hurt your horse any. Only stung him a little. It was the only way."

FACED with a long prison term, Blackmer broke under questioning and named the rest of the rustlers, all of whom were jailed. They were the only ones who didn't think it funny that they'd been sent to the rockpiles by a couple of pebbles.

THE END



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WILLIAM BOYD

Like its name, the Crooked Tree becomes the scene for a crooked deal, and the folks in Twin River depend on their sheriff, HOPALONG CASSIDY, to STRAIGHTEN it out!

One evening, in Twin River...

OKAY, MOPPY, I'LL TAKE OVER NOW! YUH CAN RIDE TO THE RANCH TO GET SOME SHUT-BYE! I'VE JUST HAD SOME MYSELF!

THANKS, MESQUITE! I CAN STAND SOME SLEEP!

SHERIFF
TWIN RIVER
COUNTY JAIL

But as the Twin River sheriff heads for his ranch...

THAT'S FUNNY! I SAW CUTTER GO HOME HOURS AGO, BUT THE FRONT DOOR'S SLIGHTLY OPEN AND THERE'S A LIGHT COMING FROM HIS STORE!

CUTTER PROBABLY JUST WALKED OFF WITHOUT LOCKING UP, BUT I RECKON I'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK!





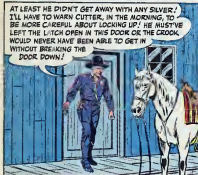
But as Hopalong rushes after the unknown robber, the door swings back ---



--- and by the time Hopalong regains his balance ---



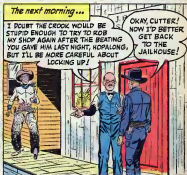
AT LEAST HE DIDN'T GET AWAY WITH ANY SILVER! I'LL HAVE TO WARN CUTTER, IN THE MORNING, TO BE MORE CAREFUL ABOUT LOCKING UP! HE MUST'VE LEFT THE LATCH OPEN IN THIS DOOR OR THE CROOK, WOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN ABLE TO GET IN WITHOUT BREAKING THE DOOR DOWN!



The next morning...

I DOUBT THE CROOK WOULD BE STUPID ENOUGH TO TRY TO ROB MY SHOP AGAIN AFTER THE BEATING YOU GAVE HIM LAST NIGHT, HOPALONG, BUT I'LL BE MORE CAREFUL ABOUT LOCKING UP!

OKAY, CUTTER! NOW I'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE JAILHOUSE!



HEY, SHERIFF! I JUST FINISHED READING FIVE MORE BOOKS ON HOW TUH BE A GOOD DETECTIVE! WHEN ARE YUH GOING TUH MAKE ME A DEPUTY?

THE FIRST OPENING I GET, DOLF! BUT RIGHT NOW I DON'T NEED ANYONE!

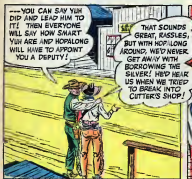


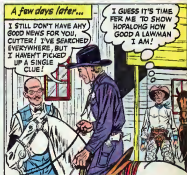
YUH ALWAYS TELL ME THE SAME THING!

WHAT ELSE CAN I TELL HIM? IF I TELL HIM THE TRUTH -- THAT HE DOESN'T THINK, RIDE, OR SHOOT FAST ENOUGH TO BE A LAWMAN -- IT'LL BREAK HIS POOR HEART!

I JUST GOT A GOOD IDEA!









OKAY, DOLF! I GUESS YOU JUST MADE A MISTAKE ABOUT THE SILVER BEING BURIED HERE! LET'S GO!

BUT IT WASN'T A MISTAKE! I KNOW IT WAS HERE! I BURIED IT MYSELF!



WHAT'S THAT? YOU BURIED IT YOURSELF?

ER...ER... I--MEAN--ER-ER...



I WARN YOU, DOLF, IF YOU'RE CONCEALING IMPORTANT INFORMATION, YOU'LL END UP WORKING IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE ---BUT ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE BARS!

I DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM, HOPALONG! I'LL CONFESS!



And, after Dolf tells his story...

OF COURSE, YOU REALIZE THAT, EVEN THOUGH YOU ACTED OUT OF STUPIDITY, YOU'RE JUST AS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS CRIME AS RASLES!

GO AHEAD, HOPALONG! LOCK ME UP! I DESERVE IT!

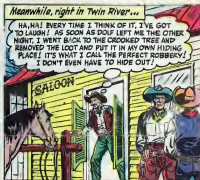


WE'LL WORRY ABOUT THAT LATER! RIGHT NOW, WE'VE GOT TO SEE IF WE CAN FIND RASLES AND THE STOLEN SILVER!

BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! HE'S PROBABLY HUNDREDS OF MILES AWAY FROM HERE BY NOW IN SOME HIDE OUT WITH THE LOOT!



IF HE'S THINKING THE WAY I EXPECT HE IS, HE MAY NOT BE TOO HARD TO FIND!



Meanwhile, right in Twin River...

HA, HA! EVERY TIME I THINK OF IT, I'VE GOT TO LAUGH! AS SOON AS DOLF LEFT ME THE OTHER NIGHT, I WENT BACK TO THE CROOKED TREE AND REMOVED THE LOOT AND PUT IT IN MY OWN HIDING PLACE! IT'S WHAT I CALL THE PERFECT ROBBERY! I DON'T EVEN HAVE TO HIDE OUT!

WHEN DOLF DISCOVERS THE SILVER IS MISSING, HE CAN'T SAY ANYTHING WITHOUT ADMITTING HE WAS IN ON THE ROBBERY AND HE'D NEVER DO THAT! WHAT'S MORE, HE WOULDN'T DARE GET TOUGH WITH ME, BECAUSE HE'S AFRAID OF ME! I COULDN'T BE IN ANY SAFER PLACE RIGHT NOW THAN TWIN RIVER!



But, as Rassles walks away, he doesn't notice ...

YOU WERE RIGHT, HOPALONG! RASSLES DID STAY RIGHT IN TWIN RIVER!

QUICK, GET OUT OF SIGHT! I DON'T WANT HIM TO SEE US TOGETHER!



BUT WHY DON'T YUH JUST RIDE UP AND LOCK HIM UP?

BECAUSE HE DOESN'T HAVE THE LOOT ON HIM! WITHOUT THAT FOR PROOF, IT'S JUST A CASE OF YOUR WORD AGAINST HIS!

BUT HE'S PROBABLY HIDDEN THE LOOT. THE CHANCES ARE YOU'LL NEVER FIND IT!

THEN WE'VE GOT TO TRAP HIM SOME OTHER WAY! DOES HE KNOW YOU TOOK ME OUT TO THE CROOKED TREE TODAY?

NO! THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE SEEN HIM SINCE THE NIGHT WE ROBBED CUTLER!

GOOD! NOW HERE'S WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO ...



Shortly after, at Rassles' shack ...

OH, IT'S YUH! WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

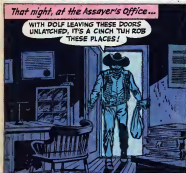
I CHANGED MY MIND ABOUT SHOWING HOPALONG WHERE WE HID THE LOOT! I DECIDED I'D RATHER BE A CROOK THAN A LAWMAN AND I'VE COME TO ASK YUH IF YOU'D LIKE TO BE MY PARTNER!



YOUR TALK INTERESTS ME, DOLF! SIT DOWN!

THANKS! NOW MYAR'S MY IDEA! SINCE EVERYBODY IN TOWN TRUSTS ME, I COULD FIND LOTS OF EXCUSES TO ENTER THEIR STORES AND RANCHES ...





As Rassles tries to break away, Hopalong grabs him and his powerful fists begin to fly---

POW!

BOM!

SOCK!



---with right winning out, as usual!

ENOUGH! ENOUGH!
I'LL CONFESS ALL!
I'LL EVEN TELL
WHERE I HID
CUTTER'S
SILVER!

Later...

BECAUSE YOU REALLY
DIDN'T MEAN ANY
HARM, I'M LETTING
YOU GO FREE ON
PROBATION,
DOLF!

I SURE
APPRECIATE
THIS SECOND
CHANCE,
HOPALONG!

AND I LEARNED A GOOD LESSON!
FROM NOW ON, I'LL LEAVE KEEPING
THE LAW TO PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF,
HOPALONG, WHO
REALLY KNOW HOW
TO HANDLE THE JOB!
I GOT MYSELF A JOB
ON A RANCH AND
I'M GOING TO
SETTLE
DOWN!

THAT'S GOOD
SENSE, DOLF!
GOOD LUCK
TO YOU!



????? QUIZ

SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS:
5 CORRECT, EXCELLENT - 4 CORRECT,
GOOD - 3 CORRECT, FAIR -
2 CORRECT, POOR.

1. A CENTAUR IS A MYTHO-
LOGICAL HALF-MAN AND
HALF-HORSE
TRUE... FALSE....



2. A MAN WEIGHING 140
POUNDS CONTAINS ENOUGH
IRON TO MAKE ONE MEDIUM
SIZED NAIL
TRUE... FALSE....



3. THE WHIGS WERE ONCE
A POLITICAL PARTY IN
THE UNITED STATES
TRUE... FALSE....



4. ALEXANDER HAMILTON,
THE FIRST SECRETARY OF THE
TREASURY, CONCEIVED
THE MOTTO USED ON OUR
COINS, "IN GOD WE TRUST."
TRUE... FALSE....



5. MICHIGAN WAS THE 23RD
STATE ADMITTED TO THE
UNION.
TRUE... FALSE....



ANSWERS

1 TRUE, 2 TRUE, 3 TRUE, 4 FALSE, 5 TRUE
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S FALSE IT WAS THE
26TH STATE IT WAS ADMITTED IN 1837

Bud and Sis

LOOK, BUD - WILSON SENT WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE AND EVERYTHING. I DIDN'T HAVE TO SEND A PENNY. NOW I'LL GET MY WRISTWATCH

**YOU'LL
SELL THEM
FAST!**

BUD, COULD I GET A
WRIST WATCH THE SAME
EASY WAY YOU GOT
THAT AIR RIFLE

YOU SURE CAN SIS, ALSO DOLLS
BICYCLES AND MANY OTHER
THINGS, JUST MAIL COUPON
TO START, LIKE I DID

AND SIS MAILS
IN THE COUPON
AT THE BOTTOM
OF THIS PAGE

THANKS, SIS, THIS IS A WONDERFUL
ART PICTURE THAT YOU'RE
GIVING ME WITH
THIS FINE SALVE

ES! GIVING THE
PICTURES MADE
IT FUN TO
SELL ALL I
NEED FOR
MY WATCH

IT SURE IS —
I'M GOING TO GET
A BAKE NEXT

LOOK AT MY
NEW WATCH.
ISN'T IT
LOVELY?

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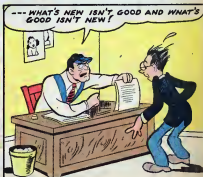
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